**3rd Term Poems – Due: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**The Frost Pane**

*By David McCord*

What's the good of breathing

On the window

Pane

In summer?

You can't make a frost

On the window pane

In summer.

You can't write a

Nalphabet

You can't draw a

Nelephant.

You can't make a smudge

With your nose

In summer.

Lots of good, breathing

On the window

Pane

In winter.

You can make a frost

On the window pane

In winter.

A white frost, a light frost,

A thick frost, a quick frost,

A write-me-out-a-picture-frost

Across

The pane

In

Winter.



**Unicorn**

*By William Jay Smith*

The Unicorn with the long white horn

 Is beautiful and wild.

He gallops across the forest green

So quickly that he’s seldom seen

Where Peacocks their blue feathers preen

 And strawberries grow wild.

He flees the hunter and the hounds,

Upon black earth his white hoof pounds,

Over cold mountain streams he bounds

 And comes to a meadow mild;

There, when he kneels to take his nap,

He lays his head in a lady’s lap

 As gently as a child.

**Humanity**

*By Elma Stuckey*

If I am blind and need someone

To keep me safe from harm,

**It matters not the race to me

Of the one who takes my arm.

If I am saved from drowning

As I grasp and grope,

I will not stop to see the face

Of the one who throws the rope.

Or if out on some battlefield

I'm falling faint and weak,

The one who gently lifts me up

May any language speak.

We sip the water clear and cool,

No matter the hand that gives it.

A life that's lived worthwhile and fine,

What matters the one who lives it?

**Sleepy Harry**

*By Kate Greenaway*

“I do not like to go to bed,”

Sleepy little Harry said;

“Go, naughty Betty, go away,

I will not come at all, I say!”

Oh, silly child! What is he saying!

As if he could be always playing!

Then, Betty, you must come and carry

This very foolish little Harry.

The little birds are better taught,

They go to roosting when they ought;

And all the ducks, and fowls, you know,

*They* went to bed an hour ago.

The little beggar in the street,

Who wanders with his naked feet,

And has not where to lay his head,

Oh, he’d be glad to go to bed.